The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home

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Hymn by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

(Written for the International Congress of Religious Liberals, held in Boston, U.S.A., on September 24th, 1907.)

HAIL! Mount of God! whereon with reverent feet,
The messengers of many nations meet;
Diverse in feature, argument and creed,
One in their errand, brothers in their need.

Not in unwisdom are the limits drawn
That give far lands opposing dusk and dawn;
One sun makes bright the all-pervading air;
One fostering spirit hovers everywhere.

So with one breath may fervent souls aspire;
With one high purpose wait the answering fire:
Be this the prayer that other prayer controls;
That light divine may visit human souls.

The worm that clothes the monarch spins no flaw;
The coral builder works by heavenly law;
Who would to conscience rear a temple pure
Must prove each stone and seal it, sound and sure.

Upon one steadfast base of truth we stand,
Love lifts her sheltering walls on either hand;
Arched o'er our head is Hope's transcendent dome;
And in the Father's heart of hearts our home.

The International Council of Religious Liberals,

HELD IN BOSTON, SEPT. 25-28, 1907.

OPENING ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT, REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT, D.D.*

THE significance of this gathering is that it is composed of men and women who, in the pursuit of truth and righteousness, dare to commit themselves unreservedly to the control of the law of liberty. This Council is the unfettered servant of truth, freedom, and brotherhood. The type of religious thought and feeling represented here is broadly inclusive. It is not to be identified with any one form of sectarian opinion or organisation. The universal religious consciousness creates here a meeting-place for a score of different races, traditions, doctrines, names, and allegiances.

The intellectual characteristic of this company is open-mindedness. We do not desire to promote uniformity of opinion. We are no one-ideal regiment, marching with the dull monotony of a hayfoot-straw foot discipline. We are a persistently independent and self-reliant people, tolerant of exceptionality, eager to recognise and apply individual power and aptitude. We rejoice that in this gathering lonely thinkers find them-

*Dr. Eliot's address is so wise and suggestive that we are sure our readers will be glad to have it in full.—ED.

selves least lonely, and brave workers find themselves most positively furthered.

We come together out of our separate and peculiar traditions, our local or provincial prejudices, our legitimate preferences for certain familiar beliefs and habits. We come with our little sectarian jealousies, our misunderstandings, our possible antipathies, and we discover that our very differences represent not so much the diversities as the universality of religious faith. Here we come into the atmosphere of cordial fellowship and good will. We lay aside our narrower pursuits, the ambitions that divide us, the cares and fears that so easily beset us, and refresh ourselves with a nobler reach of vision. We meet for social intercourse and for the exchange of opinion and experience. We enjoy the stimulus of intellectual variety, we broaden our horizons, we lift our instinctive prepossessions to the higher levels of rational and friendly debate. We form enduring friendships. We discover unexpected identities of spirit and purpose. We learn how much of breadth and true liberality there is in nations or communions we had supposed to be exclusive and despotic. We emphasise the convictions that all good men hold in common. We unseal again the fountains of idealism where the thirsty soul, weary of materialism, has so often refreshed itself. We renew faith and courage, and we return to our homes re-enforced by a new sense of the grandeur of our life together and the irresistible attraction of our common hopes and ideals.

But, while thus inclusive and hospitable, the field of this Council, as I understand it, is not unlimited. It is confined by the boundaries of religious thought and action, and it is practically limited to the people who believe that theology is a progressive science, and not a sealed and final "deposit of faith." It commands primarily the allegiance of people to whom religion is not a matter of outward form or stated observance, but a sentiment which expresses itself in unpretending devotion to the truth, in habitual consideration for others, in steady adherence to certain well-recognised ideals of private and public duty.

It is a commonplace to say that immense changes are taking place in the thought and life of all religious organisations. The adherents of the different communions are no longer homogeneous. They not only tolerate, but acknowledge a great and growing diversity of opinion within their own ranks. To say that a man is an Episcopalian or a Presbyterian, a Lutheran, or a Calvinist, a Catholic or Protestant or Jew, no longer defines his spirit or his convictions. He may be forward-looking or backward-looking, conservative or progressive, bound by some outward law of constraint or delivered into allegiance to the law of liberty. The progressive men of all communions feel themselves in closer sympathy with men of the same spirit in other communions than with those of an opposite temper in their own, while the reactionaries of all communions are drawn together by their common opposition to the theological reconstruction which modern knowledge demands. The traditional and historic dividing-lines grow dim, but the new alignments grow more and more distinct. As the progressives of every name carry forward their principles to their logical conclusions, the reactionaries relapse towards mediævalism in their doctrines, their habits of worship, and their conceptions of the religious life. The members of this Council obviously belong to the progressive wings of the different communions. We are a people who hold it to be the task of each generation to interpret religion afresh in the light of growing knowledge and experience and in the thought and speech of their own time. We are a people temperamentally disposed to accept modern conceptions of history, science, and philosophy.

But, while the members of this Council are liberals, they are in no sense iconoclasts. They cherish the law of historic continuity. They have no tendency to mistake restlessness for progress, or revolution for reform, or the removal of the neighbour's landmarks for the enlargment of their own territory. They believe that to develop a nobler future we must use the impulse of the toiling generations behind us. Amidst the diversities of gift and operation they seek to discern the

one spirit. Reaching for things before, they hold securely to something behind.

There is nothing controversial in the purpose of this gathering, there is nothing polemic in our discussions. Though the statement of our principles appears sometimes to arouse heat in those who do not agree with us, we disclaim any desire to criticise or inflame. Our appeal is never to passion or prejudice, but to reason and good will. Our attention is not given to the defects or failures of other systems of religious thought or methods of religious organisation, but solely to the development of the creative and constructive forces. We are concerned with the promotion of certain positive and universal principles of thought and conduct. Our spirit is affirmative, not negative. We desire not to destroy, but to fulfil.

And, if we are not iconoclasts or controversialists, neither are we apologists. The great convictions we hold in common rest not on the authentication of any ancient book, not on any decree of Council or of Church, but on their appeal to the conscience, reason, and experience of men. We make no unreal distinction between religion and the world, between things sacred and things secular. Religion, as we conceive it, is not something apart from life, dependent upon a special and supernatural revelation, but a part of life, simply the consummation and transfiguration of human experience.

It follows that the members of this Council are, by temperamental necessity, optimists. They believe in human nature, they have confidence in the good purposes of the universe, they commit themselves to unfaltering trust in the ultimate victory of truth over error and of right over wrong. They are people who squarely face the unquestionable and inscrutable tragedies of human life, who have a clear perception of the narrow boundaries of human knowledge, and the evils and ills that oppress and hinder mankind. They do not expect to fathom the unfathomable, yet they find ample scope, within the obvious limits, for the exercise of noble faculties, for flights of fine imagination, for disinterested and prophetic achievement. They discover no limits to the possibilities of the soul's expansion. They believe, in spite of prevalent discontent, in spite of disappointment over some of the results of liberty, in spite of the inability of science to solve the ultimate mystery of existence, that life is eminently worth living and that underneath are the everlasting arms.

The leaders of this Council do not deceive themselves into thinking that their ideals are easily attained or to be immediately realised. Theirs is the joy of pursuing ideals that ever journey before them. Their good obtained is only tidings of something better. Their castles of hope shine ever along new horizons. They rejoice in a religious confidence which is allied to, and not at war with, the fundamental instincts of honour and justice, which is in harmony with the beauty of the visible universe and with the sweetness of family love. Theirs is the cheerful faith that knows that this marvellous life is not a vision that fades, but an everlasting trust. Such a faith justifies an illimitable expectation. The potential kingdom of God and brotherhood of man is here. In modest confidence, let us pledge ourselves to our high calling, resolved to do what we can that freedom and truth may more abound, that men may have life, and have it more abundantly.

Brethren of the Liberal Faith, our greeting is no empty form, no merely personal word, no conventional welcome. It is full of proud and happy memories, of bright hopes, of inspiring challenge to new courage and loyalty. To greet you, we gather the spirits of the great departed. Search the careers of the men whose names are inscribed on these walls, and you will find that they were animated by the ideals to which this gathering is pledged. These names materialise themselves into the forms of the Prophets and Poets, the Scholars, Statesmen, and Seers we have loved to honour and obey. These were men who refused to believe that God had exhausted His creative energies; men who gave themselves not to any material end or transient object, but to quickening the primal influences by which character is moulded and truth perfected and life made more abundant; men who deserted no righteous cause because it

is unpopular; men whose chosen way was freedom, whose end was righteousness, brotherhood, and truth. These were men who dared after the way called heresy to worship the God of their fathers; men who followed the truth that made them free, who cherished the love of God and man that it is the fulfilling of the law; men who mightily believed and wrought, that the unity of the spirit which is the bond of peace might be made real on earth.

If this silent band of heroes could speak to us, who can doubt what their questions would be? They would ask us what use we were making of the freedom they won for us. They would ask if the blessings of religious liberty were now the common possession of the people. They would ask if freedom had, as they believed it would, led on to brotherhood and unity and honourable serviceableness. What answer can we make to such questions? Is our answer nothing more than an excuse for our own insufficiency? Have we been true to the trust they left to us? It is for us to determine whether these names shall abide among the immortals. It is for us to perpetuate their principles and unfalteringly to pursue the ideals they have set before us.

Thus co-pioneers of pure religion and perfect liberty greet you to-day—in the words of the elder prophets that still ring down the ages—"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon you!"

Brotherhood.

If two travellers, wandering at night in the cold—the one having wood and the other matches—do not understand each other, both will suffer and be lost in the dark.

And, if two shipwrecked people have between them a single cocoanut, and the one takes the milk and the other the meat, then they will both perish—one from hunger, the other from thirst.

So, also with wisdom; and no one lives upon the earth who can be wise alone.—*Frederick Van Eeden.*

The International Meetings at Boston.

September 22nd to 27th.

"That's where the Christians are going to show the people from Hindustan that they love them, even though they don't have the same religion." So said a Boston postman, pointing to the Unitarian Buildings in Beacon Street, the headquarters this year of the "International Council of Unitarian and other liberal religious thinkers and workers." And though, perhaps, he did not know it, he was expressing in homely language the objects of the Council, namely, "To open communication with those in all lands who are striving to unite pure religion and perfect liberty, and to increase fellowship among them."

It is impossible in a short article to give anything like an adequate account of a week of interesting meetings. A few impressions must suffice.

About 2,500 Americans and 160 delegates from abroad, enrolled themselves as members of the Congress. Germans, Hindus, Japanese, English, and French rubbed shoulders and exchanged greetings—a truly International Brotherhood! Many of the delegates were distinguished scholars and preachers, and all had assembled in Boston, at the invitation of the American Unitarian Association, for interchange of ideas, and for mutual encouragement and inspiration. American hospitality is almost proverbial, and no words are too warm in which to express appreciation of the cordial and generous welcome which everyone received. Accommodation was provided at hotels and private houses, and everything conceivable was done for the comfort and happiness of these travellers from distant lands.

Each delegate, on enrolment, received a little red badge which was worn on the breast, and everywhere one went in the Boston streets, these red badges were to be seeen. The whole town became interested in the gatherings, and the daily press gave especial prominence to reports of the papers which were read.

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The opening meeting, in Symphony Hall, on Sunday evening, Sept. 22nd, was one of the most impressive of the series. It had been thrown open to the public, and four thousand people packed the hall in every corner. About as many as managed to get inside were turned away, and returned to their homes disappointed. The spirit of the meeting was expressed on the hymn-sheet in the old words, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace goodwill towards men." These words served as a text for the three speakers: Dr. Slicer (of New York), Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and Dr. Booker T. Washington. The meeting rose to its feet as old Dr. Hale, beloved of all Bostonians, and known almost the world over, came on to the platform arm in arm with Dr. Washington, the negro President of Tuskegee College. Dr. Slicer first addressed the meeting; he was followed by Dr. Hale, who pleaded for "peace on earth" between men of different religious faith. The chief interest, however, was centred round Booker Washington, who appealed with passionate earnestness for "good will to men" of whatever race and colour, and who roused the meeting to an outburst of sympathetic cheering when, referring to himself, he said "It's a long step from a slave cabin to this platform."

A new hymn, specially written for the gathering by Julia Ward Howe, was heartily sung.*

Monday was devoted mainly to meetings dealing with local American work, but in the evening a "reception" was held at the Somerset Hotel. The Governor of Massachusetts, Governor Guild, extended a welcome to the visitors from abroad, and Sir William Bowring, of Liverpool, responded. Then followed speeches by distinguished foreign delegates, such as Prof. Otto Pfleiderer of Berlin, Jean Reville of France, Dr. Meyboom fo Holland, and several others. As each speaker rose to address the gathering, the National Anthem of his country was played, and the national flag was planted at the side of the platform, so that when the speechmaking was finished there was an international cluster of flags!

On Tuesday morning the International Council proper began with an address from Dr. Samuel Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association. The meetings were held in Tremont Temple, which was gaily decorated with flags, while all around the hall were hung the names of the best known saints and heroes of liberal religion: such as Lindsey, Priestley, Mozoomdar, Martineau, Channing, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Schleiermacher, Parker, Lowell, Holmes—and many others. Appropriate texts in large lettering were conspicuously posted, one of the most prominent being, "After the way that is called heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers." Dr. Eliot reminded the audience that they had not assembled in any polemic spirit, but for mutual encouragement in their common search for truth. He pointed to the names around the walls, and referred to them as men who "refused to believe that God had exhausted his creative energy," and concluded by quoting Isaiah, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon you."

On Tuesday evening the International sermon was preached by Dr. Hunter, in Arlington Street Church, made famous by Channing's ministry. Dr. Hunter took as his text, "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee," and pleaded earnestly for depth as well as breadth of religious feeling.

Meetings were held every day from Monday until Thursday night, and during that time about 50 papers were read. Most of them dealt with the progress of liberal religion in the countries represented by the speakers, and were of the greatest interest.

As a relief, however, from the intellectual strain, excursions had been arranged for the visitors to various places of literary and historical interest. Dr. Eliot, the President of Harvard, welcomed the guests to the famous University, and parties were shown over the buildings and museums.

An enjoyable afternoon was also spent at Concord, where visits were made to the houses and graves of Emerson, Hawthorne, and

* Quoted on page 161.

Louisa Alcott. Perhaps the most interesting of all excursions was the one to Plymouth, the landing place of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620. One felt that history was repeating itself, though under happier circumstances. Pilgrims from other lands stood on the ground made sacred by those brave pioneers of religious liberty. Some one had written a letter to those poor emigrants in the midst of their sufferings, containing a prophecy which was destined to come true: "Let it not be grievous unto you that you have been instrumental to break the ice for others. The honour shall be yours to the world's end."

And when, at last, the all too brief week was over, and farewells taken of newly-made friends, delegates returned to their homes in different lands, feeling that the objects of the Council had been accomplished. The sense of brotherhood with fellow-workers the wide world over had been deepened, and all had been encouraged to continue working in their different ways towards the common ideal—"pure religion and perfect liberty."

C. M. W.

Hymn by Frederick L. Hosmer.

(Written for the International Congress of Religious Liberals, held in Boston, U.S.A., on September 24th, 1907.)

O Pilgrim city by the sea,
In thee we meet on kindred ground—
Pilgrims toward better things to be,
By one high faith and purpose bound.

The separating seas are crossed,
Each heart is understood of each;
On this our day of Pentecost
Fade out the lines of race and speech.

One heritage alike we share,
Unspeakable and still more vast—
The widening thought, the hope, the prayer,
The nobler life of all the past.

And one the goal to which we press
By toilsome paths as yet untrod,
Earth's longed-for reign of righteousness,
The shining city of our God.

O thou through whom our fathers wrought,
From age to age our trust and stay,
Still keep us open to thy thought
And speed us on our pilgrim way!

An Actor on the Pulpit.

At the Church Congress, held at Yarmouth in October, Sir Squire Bancroft gave an address on "Elocution in the Reading and Preaching of the Clergy," which the ministers of our Free Churches might take to heart.

Just as a clergyman prefaces his sermon from the pulpit by a text from the Bible, so Sir Squire Bancroft, as an actor, began his address from the platform with a quotation from "Much Ado About Nothing"—"Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending." He reminded the meeting of the remarkable affinity existing between the works of Shakespeare and the pages of Holy Writ. There could be no firmer bond, no sweeter union between Church and stage, and it must, for all time, be the strongest link that ever yet was forged, for both books were eternal. Turning to his subject, he said that, when he called to mind the care and cost lavished upon the splendid choral services in the cathedrals, he wondered why the same labour and like devotion were not bestowed upon the teaching of young clergymen to speak audibly and to control a congregation. (Applause.) He had been struck with amazement at the glaring instances of false emphasis in the dull recital of the Order for Morning Prayer. Surely so sublime a monument to learning, reverence, and piety should be spared such treatment. (Hear, hear.) If the constant repetition of the same words was set forth as an excuse, he declined to accept it. Although he made no claim to be a student of the Bible, he sometimes heard it read now and then very beautifully, often very vilely. (Laughter.) He had listened to such extracts as told of the death of Absolom, the death of Jezebel, Daniel in the lions' den, and the prodigal's return, as though the moving stories were little more dramatic than so many stale problems in Euclid. (Laughter.) He had heard the death chapter from the Corinthians so droned and mouthed, even in the warning presence of the king of terrors, as to make the hallowed bones of the Apostle who bequeathed it to humanity turn in their resting place.

On the other hand, he had heard the same words read so truthfully by men who were now living and men who were dead as to be a lasting memory. Why were so many clergymen seemingly ignorant of the power of naturalness? Why were they simple, unaffected, delightful companions for six days of the week—(laughter)—and then clothed themselves with artificiality on the seventh—(laughter)—inviting, it might be, their congregations to attend some meeting or harmless amusement in a sing-song voice with mournful intonation well calculated to keep everyone away? (Renewed laughter.) Why had so many sermons he had listened to been forgotten? Because they were badly delivered. (Hear, hear.) No doubt, some of them were masterpieces of theology, marvels of erudition; but they who spoke them were devoid of the art which so adorned their holy calling as to leave them wasted and worthless. Their words very likely reached the heads of the learned, but they never touched the hearts of the ignorant. (Applause.) The first duty of the preacher was to make himself heard—("Hear, hear," and applause)—and then to be impressive and convincing. In pleading for a sermon to be dramatic he did not in the least wish the preacher to be theatrical. (Hear, hear.) Although the two words often conveyed the same meaning they also had a widely different sense. To be heard implied management of the voice. Many preachers knew little or nothing of the skill of voice production. They spoke, as it were, in head notes, instead of chest notes, and so fell victims to what was generally known as clergyman's sore throat. (Laughter.) He never heard of actor's sore throat as a chronic complaint. (Renewed laughter.) The players acted fiction as if it were the truth, while the preachers too often spoke of truth as though it were but fiction. Every curate should pass an examination before he was allowed to mount the pulpit, for a bad preacher would empty a church more easily than a good preacher would fill one. The man who would preach with true and lasting effect must be sincere, intelligent, and sympathetic. He must be a man, a teacher, a friend. Preaching was the most impertinent of impertinences if there were not behind it and round about it a sense of authority other than and better than human. As things were, the bad preacher was more fortunate than the bad actor, because the one could be hissed for his incompetence, but the other must be at the least endured. (Laughter and applause.)

"Traumerei."

A Memory of Joseph Joachim at Leipzig, 1901.

A poet's Dream—the tenderest and the best;
Undying friendship, and the high behest
Of stainless Art, that never stooped her head
To throw Self's shadow on the mighty dead;

All this one ever-memorable night
When hearts were young and warm, and vision bright,
Drew tears of gladness—*Wehmuth* rather say—
From out those eyes, as there he stood, the gray,

Revered, great, simple Master, living o'er
In tones that friendship of the years before
The dear deep heart of Schumann grew oppressed
With anguish of the grave, but still could rest

In Music's knowledge of the Whole, Fair, True—
The wistful dream of earth that finds a clue
In harmonies which speak what words ne'er may:—
The Peace that waits when dreams have fled away.

. . . . . .

Ah, simple, reverent Artist! Now may you
And he, dear, storm-tossed Singer, know the True,
The Whole, the Fair! You meet, and clasp, and see!
The Dream is o'er, the Peace reality.

Dorothea Hollins.

August 15th, 1907.

Dr. Collyer at the Yorkshire Unitarian College.

On September 27th the Leeds University honoured both itself and Robert Collyer by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Letters. On the following day the Yorkshire Unitarian Club gave a complimentary dinner in honour of the newly-made Doctor. The toast, "Our Guest," having been proposed by Mr. Grosvenor Talbot, Dr. Collyer replied in a brief but characteristic speech. "I have lived a long life," he said, "and I have had a great many pleasant days, and I have had a great many friends, but I don't feel sure that I ever had a finer feeling of fellowship, of gratitude, of friendship, than fills my heart to-night. Friends from my own church are round about me, and friends from other churches—my old mother Methodist Church for one. She let me go when I felt I ought to go, but she was kind to me, and she didn't spank me very hard." (Laughter and applause.)

Telling the story of his first sermon in the old Methodist Chapel at Addingham, forty-nine years ago, Dr. Collyer said that next day he went into the cobbler's shop, and the cobbler said, "Ah want to speak to tha, lad."

I said, "Do you?"

He said, "Ah went to hear tha' preach last night."

I said, "Did tha?"—you see, I was waiting, and didn't know what was coming.

He said: "Does tha' want to knaw what ah thought of it? Well, if tha' wants to know ah want to tell tha'—tha'll never mak a preacher while tha' lives. (Langhter.) Don't mistake what ah mean; tha' won't mak a preacher for us in t' Methodist Church. Tha' may do somewhere else, but tha' won't do for us." (Laughter.)

Then, added Dr. Collyer, he said what I have always thought a very striking thing. "When tha' preaches a sermon tha' must say, 'Thus saith the Lord,' and not lose thi' way reasoning about it. (Laughter.) Ah fear tha'll want to reason ower much, an' if tha' does tha'll have to get away." (Laughter.)

Next I met the miller, said Dr. Collyer, and he said: "Ah heard tha' preach last night."

I said, "Did you, sir."

He said, "Ah'll tell tha' what they're going to do wi' thee—they're going to mak' a spare rail of thee; they'll put thee into every gap there is—now thee look out." (Laughter and applause.)

"And the curious thing has been," added the doctor, "that I have seemed to myself to be put into all the gaps that came my way." (Applause.)

Speaking of his early life in Chicago, he said when the minister was leaving the Unitarian Church there the congregation could not get supplies every Sunday, so they got the old spare rail. (Laughter.) He preached the old sermons that he preached in the Methodist Church, and he preached some of them still, so what he said could not be very bad. (Laughter.) Over the Atlantic he still treasured recollections of the home, and the pastures, and the bank where the primroses grew, and the place where he knew he could find the throstle's nest. All this he dreamed of whilst he was away. He had come back to verify it once more, and it was all true—true, but with a certain passing away. "Still," said he, "it is England for me, my mother England, and will be as long as I live. So I thank you to-night for this gathering to greet me. I shall carry it across the water with me, and when I get there I shall tell them of the good fellowship of the Christian Church, and of the good, sound heart of old Yorkshire that I love so well." (Loud applause.)

Our present difficulties and hard questions will soon be solved and passed by. Even the world itself, so difficult to penetrate, so clouded with mystery, will become a transparency to us, through which God's light will pour as the sun through the open sky.—*H. Bushnell.*

The Treatment of Nurses.

A PRETTY wide experience has brought home to me the fact that a considerable number of persons regard the trained nurse in the house as a necessary evil if not an unavoidable nuisance. The prejudice against the professional nurse in many well-to-do homes takes the form of excluding her altogether. The man insists that his wife, already burdened with the care of a family, shall undertake all the duties of the sick room. It is sometimes thought to be a proof of affection that the husband will have no one to nurse him but his wife, whereas, too often, it is only a proof of his selfishness and want of consideration for his ironically designated "better half." The notion that every woman can "nurse" still widely prevails, whereas nursing is a skilled and technical profession, for which not even the affection of wife or daughter can be a substitute. It might as well be thought that any man can be a doctor. In these days more cures are effected by good nursing than by medicine.

There are, of course, disagreeable nurses, exacting, who vigorously demand their pound of flesh, and give themselves airs, and expect to be waited on, and, finally, who have a genius for exasperating the servants. But I am sure that, in proportion to their numbers, there are not more "disagreeables" in the nursing than in any other profession. The great majority are pleasant, thoughtful, self-sacrificing women, whose devotion to their "cases" is beyond all praise. But people are apt to forget that without her proper hours of sleep and exercise in the open air, without regular meals in healthy surroundings, the nurse's efficiency will certainly be impaired.

The fact is, John Bull, good-hearted fellow that he is, is yet uncommonly slow, not to say awkward, at adapting himself to new situations. He has as yet found no proper place in his household arrangements for this quiet, self-possessed young woman who enters his castle when Master Tommy, who everybody hoped was returning to school to-morrow, is suddenly "down" with scarlet fever. She is a hard nut for John and good Mrs. B. to crack. She wears a cap and apron, but does not curtsey when John meets her on the stairs! Sairey Gamp we knew and groaned under; but Sairey "knew her place," and never taxed our brains by calling for new and unsuspected forms of treatment.

The question of "treatment" is no doubt, in many cases, a real difficulty quite apart from the social standing of the nurse. While one would hesitate to deny skilled care and attention to the poorest sufferer, yet it cannot be doubted that among those people with whom guineas are scarce, the trained nurse is often sent for by persons who haven't the means to accommodate, or even feed her suitably. The weekly two guineas is looked upon as an heroic sacrifice which will procure a wonderful nursing machine, warranted not to cease "running" while payment is kept up. The question of regular and sufficient meals, hours, and place of rest, exercise—all these are after-thoughts, too often reluctantly suggested by the long-suffering nurse herself, and evidently striking the employer in an entirely new light. *Punch's* contents are sometimes under suspicion of embellishment; but there was absolutely no exaggeration in the astonishment with which, in a recent issue, a lady is pictured as receiving a trained nurse's appeal for sleep. To the knowledge of the present writer, a nurse was forty-eight hours in attendance upon a sick child with only one or two brief respites of an hour at a time. Her request for an interval of thorough rest in bed filled the fond mother with dismay. Must *she*, then, take the nurse's place at the bedside? She "had not thought of that." Neither, apparently, had the benevolent clergyman who engaged at his own expense a nurse for an aged woman ill with bronchitis. The cottage was poverty-stricken in the extreme, and for five nights the nurse had the alternative of lying on the bare floor, *sans* any description of coverlet, or of sharing the poor old creature's none too inviting pallet. Surely a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. After a fact or two of this nature we understand at least one reason for the average life of the profession ending at forty.

It is not always for herself, but often for her patient, that the nurse must struggle. She is called upon to stand between him and the indifference and forgetfulness of servants, the lack of knowledge—sometimes, difficult as it may be to believe it, the parsimony—of friends. Milk seems in many houses a special stumbling-block. In a recent case the patient's nightly quart was forgotten. There was, however, half a teacupful: would that do? A visit at 10 p.m. to the neighbouring dairies found them shut. "So she can't have it, can she?" said the maid resignedly as she returned with the empty jug! It was intimated by a gentle but determined young woman that, even if cattle-lifting on the scale of a Border-raid had to be resorted to, the milk must be had; and after strong protests against borrowing, as they "did not know the neighbours," the fluid was procured.

Doubtless, as has been hinted, the initial cost of a trained nurse is often a severe strain on delicate purses. Still, we are apt to feel staggered at hearing of a mother who, when told that her son had passed the crisis in a perilous attack of pneumonia, suggested that his daily allowance of milk should be reduced; and, this being emphatically negatived by the nurse, sent up the next supply heavily watered. These facts are nevertheless vouched for.

Want of thought is, we know, equally responsible with want of heart for many evils; and many of the trials of the private nurse are attributable, doubtless, to the former cause. Does one person in twenty consider what it is that they are securing for a weekly two guineas and board? Have they ever questioned how far and in what particulars the nurse falls below the medical attendant himself in the importance of her trust, in skill, and in knowledge? Like him, she has in most cases practically "walked the hospitals;" has watched with highly trained and intelligent attention the treatment of every variety of disease by the leading physicians of the day; has witnessed operations by surgeons of unsurpassed skill; and has entered into every detail with often little less knowledge and far more enthusiasm and love of the work than nine-tenths of the medical practitioners in embryo who cluster round the hospital-bed and the operating-table. The woman whom the doctor finds and leaves in charge of his patient at each daily visit is thus a nurse and much more—an assistant doctor. In the former capacity she is obedient to his orders, and is responsible for the comfort, cleanliness, and well-being of the patient. The first-rate nurse has, indeed, an advantage over the doctor, whose time and care during the day will be divided amongst a score of critical cases. But the nurse has no such collateral calls upon her attention; she can devote all the care of which she is capable to the one life placed in her hands. She sees, and either acts upon or reports to her superior, a thousand details and symptoms of the disease which untrained devotion, however willing, would perforce let pass unheeded. From her the doctor learns in a concise and spontaneous report what a dozen questions would not draw from an amateur watcher, solely because the latter is incapable of distinguishing between important and unimportant details in the ever-changing condition of the sick person.

Doctors rarely fail either in appreciation of the nurse's share in success or in acknowledging what patient and doctor alike owe to her; and there is little doubt that, if only with a view to a successful issue, the doctor owes it both to patient and nurse to see that the latter receives all the comfort, and, as far as possible, relaxation, that she needs. If he finds her to be going short of proper meals, rest, or exercise—the two last being more often in default than the first—he should not hesitate to wield in her favour, as much as in that of her charge, the authority which his position gives him.

A Patient.

If your spirits are low, do something: if you have been doing something, do something different.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

Whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul. The face catches the glow only from that side.—*Rev. W. C. Gannett.*

Notes and Jottings.

A FANFARONADE of journalistic trumpets has heralded an elaborately organised propaganda against those democratic and moral forces, which are roundly and confusedly termed "Socialism." An important part of the new policy of "Anti-Socialism" is the effort to secure the co-operation of the Christian Church by raising the bogie of Atheism and Immorality.

* * * * *

It is an interesting experiment in the psychology of the crowd, and one wonders whether this sinister attempt to stem the tide of social reform will succeed even temporarily. The organisers of the Anti-Socialist campaign have on their side great personal influence and huge financial resources. They are able to command the service of men skilled in the art of working up popular panics—expert journalists and clever cartoonists, who set themselves out to terrify the ignorant and the timid into the belief not only that the sanctity of marriage is being assailed and the Ark of God derided, but (deepest infamy of all!) that even the holy institution of private property is actually being menaced by the mob.

* * * * *

And indeed by a careful ferretting out of all the reckless utterances of extremists they can make out quite a plausible case. There is not the slightest doubt that a few Socialists have said foolish things from time to time. It is notorious, for instance, that Mr. Blatchford, of the *Clarion*, has instituted a vigorous, if crude, attack upon Christianity, especially upon such mediæval and superstitious forms of it as the readers of these paragraphs would be the first to repudiate. But beyond all this it must be admitted that Christian Socialists (like the Bishop of Birmingham for instance) have had the incredible audacity to criticise that venerable and sacrosanct system which fosters the accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few, while leaving vast multitudes to exist in penury and woe.

The *modus operandi* appears to be simple and bland. Seek out a few wild and whirling words, spoken by some violent revolutionary with a brain on fire; print these utterances as representative and typical; din it into the ears of the public that Socialism is the compendium of all that is corrupt in public administration, lascivious in morals, and blasphemous in religion. In this beautifully direct and straightforward way you stand quite a good chance of working up a really effective panic.

* * * * *

The British public is undoubtedly gullible to a degree. It takes (apparently without nausea) its daily quota of mendacity from a degraded press; but unless my faith is altogether too touchingly confiding, the better part of the nation will recoil with loathing and disgust from this last cynical attempt to darken its intelligence and hypnotise its conscience.

* * * * *

It would seem as if we were on the eve of a coalition of the moneyed and privileged classes, a union of the men of prestige and substance. The organisers of this union appeal to the motives of religion, morality, patriotism, and good government, and ask for the help of all right-thinking and right-feeling men. But, above all, they appeal to the primæval instinct of fear. They conjure up a dreadful vision of horrors to come. The awful incubus and nightmare is Socialism. Socialism is the enemy which must be utterly banished from our territory if we would continue to sleep quietly o' nights.

* * * * *

The new fishers of men wish to sweep into their net all property owners, all who have what is called a "stake" in the country, all capitalists who tremble for the security of their investments, all masters who are irritated by the ungrateful dissatisfaction of pampered workers, all prosperous professional men who depend with exemplary docility on the rich and are often rich themselves—in a word all the comfortable and flourishing inhabitants of our opulent islands. Having gathered all the contented

with things as they are, they will now organise them into a solid and sanctified bulwark against the corrosion of Socialism.

* * * * *

But what is this dreaded thing—this hairy and scaly monster: or, shall we say, this modern Gorgon that turns men rigid with a stony terror? I read the other day an account of a Socialist Sunday School, in one of the inspired oracles of the new campaign. I ask my readers to brace their nerves, and the ladies among them to resolve not to faint, for I am about to quote the "Declaration" which the little children were asked to repeat. "We desire to be just and loving to all our fellow men and women; to work together as brothers and sisters; to be kind to every living creature, and so to form a new society with Justice its foundation and Love its law."

Horrors! Does it not send a thrill of consternation up and down your spinal cord? Consider the full enormity of it. "Justice"? "Love"? "Brothers and sisters"? This then is the red revolution. Why, we might as well be asked to become Christians at once, for I seem to recall that another revolutionary, and the disciple of a revolutionary, once said something about "Faith, Hope, Love, these three, and the greatest of these is Love."

* * * * *

There are in truth all sorts and conditions of Socialists, and it is impossible to get a definition precise enough to cover all and overlap none. Broadly speaking they are among the most advanced, the most idealistic, and the most sincere and earnest exponents of democracy. They differ among themselves on a thousand points of detail, but they agree in condemning the present conditions as intolerable. They agree that the sources of health and wealth should be open to all and monopolised by none. They are one in their desire to do away (as far as is possible to the wit and effort of man) with misery and poverty, with vice and immorality; not merely by amiably preaching against these things in the abstract, but by practically trying to remove the social causes, of which these are so often the effects. They are one in their love of man and in their trust in a good time coming: they are one in their vision of a gladder, purer, and more righteous world. They recognise that if Love is to rule on earth, then Love must transform and transfigure the material and physical conditions at the base of our life, and use them for t ends of Love.

* * * * *

I do not profess to be an exponent of Socialism, and I do not call myself a Socialist. But I will venture to say this, that among Socialists are to be found some of the most intelligent, upright, and unselfish men in our land. I believe that the intensest moral passion and the most sanguine spiritual hope of the world burns in the heart of some of these vilified Socialists. I say that not to flatter them or to fling to them a sop. If they identified themselves as a whole with an attack on Christianity in its best and loftiest meaning, if they became as a whole scoffers at the religion of Jesus and profaners of His name, I should fight them to-morrow as readily and as heartily as I praise them to-day.

"Whoso hath felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny:
Yea, with one voice, O world, tho' thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I."

* * * * *

In the midst of all these democratic enthusiasms and ideals, the Church of Christ must hold to her integrity and her independence. If she will, as most certainly she will, refuse to be captured and gagged by the classes, so also she will refuse to be seduced by the masses. She will remain serenely yet sympathetically above all, and in all, and through all, the stern arbiter as well as the divine consoler of mankind. It is not to be merely granted or conceded, but firmly insisted upon that the Church is not a party organisation. Its function is to be a witness of divine things in all the world, an organ of redeeming love, the continuous embodiment of the mind of Christ. It is a fellowship of spirit that must maintain a stainless integ-

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rity in the midst of all parties. It must refuse to bow to the mighty or to pander to the populace; it is the prophet of the Kingdom of God, the abode of an eternal prayer that the Perfect Will may be done on Earth as in Heaven.

* * * * *

But whenever the Church has been true to her divine mission, she has broken down the barriers of caste, she has pulled down the mighty from their seat and exalted the humble and meek. She has united all peoples and all interests in the one divine-human life of the Kingdom of God. It is because the Church of Christ had a love of souls, and had no respect of persons, and was aboundingly rich in the spirit of her Master, that in early apostolic years she sympathised with the sorrows of the oppressed, and found her first converts among the neglected outcasts and slaves of the Empire. She took these victims of the cultivated rich in the arms of her mercy, and taught them lessons of courage which raised them from being almost less than human into those heroes and martyrs that have shed the light of an everlasting inspiration down the vista of the centuries. She told them of a better time coming; she nerved them with an invincible endurance: she gladdened them with an immortal hope that sent them to the stake and to the arena with a serene and unearthly radiance on their countenances. She taught them not to quail before tyrannies or torments, and filled their hearts brimful with the fire of a victorious faith in an Eternal Righteousness that not all the conspiracies and persecutions of Emperors could extinguish.

* * * * *

What she did then she can do again. Should the powers of wealth and privilege plot against her again it will be a great day of renovation for the Church. Let the men of riches attempt a policy of starving the Church if they will: let them withhold the help, withdraw their presence, close up their purses, and they will release all the suppressed vitality of Christian enthusiasm. The pomp and worldly prosperity of the Church may be diminished, but the spirit will spring up new born into energy and life. Her ministers will be impoverished in the things of this world: they will be compelled to live again simple, self-abnegating lives, they will live even as the poor live: and the poor will believe in them, trust in them, and stand by them as comrades in God's great warfare for the Kingdom of Love upon earth.

"If sadness at the long heart-wasting show
Wherein earth's great ones are disquieted;
If thoughts, not idle, while before me flow
The armies of the homeless and unfed,
If these are yours, if this is what you are,
Then am I yours, and what you feel, I share."

J. M. Lloyd Thomas.

The Appetite of a Bird.

The average man, if he had a bird's appetite, would devour from thirty to thirty-one pounds of food a day, which would be a tax on the larder.

Recent experiments have proved that the average bird manages to eat about one-fifth of his own weight daily with ease, if he can get so much food, and in a wild state, though the bird has to hunt for his daily provender, he is eating a large part of the time during the day and manages to get his full rations.

The smaller the bird, the more voracious seems to be its appetite and its power of absorption.

A German scientist recently kept a canary under observation for a month. The little creature weighed only sixteen grams, but in the course of the month it managed to eat 512 grams weight of food; that is, about thirty-two times its own weight. The bird must therefore have eaten its own weight in food every day.

An ordinary man with a canary's appetite would consume 150 pounds of food a day.

But the canary is an extreme case. The ordinary bird, in good health, will be satisfied with one-fifth of its weight a day by way of food.—*Answers.*

For the Children.

The Four-Leaved Clover.

"THREE leaves, of course, I'm bound to have,"
The little clover said.
"They're all I'm set to do, but still
I think I'll go ahead
And grow another if I can,
An extra leaf to show,
That I am trying, with my might,
To live, and work, and grow."

So, while the other clovers stayed
Content with leaflets three,
Their braver brother added on
A fourth, for all to see.
"How foolish!" cried the other ones.
"Why do an extra task?
Three leaves is all the world expects,
And all that it can ask!"

But lo! men hailed the extra leaf
And grasped its meaning, too,
For now the four-leaved clover stands
For luck, a symbol true,
Since 'tis the added, willing work,
The extra bit of pluck,
That conquers all the best of life
And brings the worker luck.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

Dr. Martin's Helpers.

"THE only way you can help is by keeping very quiet," said Dr. Martin to the little group of boys and girls waiting to hear how Miss Edith was that morning. "She doesn't need bouquets now, and you must not ring the door-bell to ask how she is, but just keep as still as mice. If she is kept quiet a few days, I think she will soon be well."

Then the busy doctor drove away down the street. There were a great many sick people just then, and he had little time to talk to any one who was well. The children whispered about Miss Edith, though they were a whole block away from her house, and were sorry they could not see her. On Sundays it seemed very strange to have a new teacher in the class-room; and, though Miss Mary did her best for the children, they all missed their dear teacher.

"I don't see how she can be quiet with all those old wagons rumbling past," said Nellie as eight hoofs pounded over the paved street. "I wish the streets were all soft and dusty like they are at grandpa's in the country."

"I wish they all had carpet over them," said John. "I guess it doesn't do much good for us to whisper when they rattle and bang over the stones."

"Hur!"—began Tom, and then he clapped both hands over his mouth. "I've got a plan," he whispered loudly. "Let's get a lot of that grass Mr. Richards wanted taken away from his lawn and spread it on the streets. It won't take us long with our little wagons."

They all wanted to shout "Hurrah!" at that; but they remembered what the doctor had said, and scurried away like mice for all the little wagons and wheelbarrows in the neighbourhood. Very soon there was a thick, soft grass carpet in front of Miss Edith's house, and the children were working like beavers up and down the street. The hoofs did not make a great noise after that, and even the heavy wheels moved softly over the grass.

"Here! what are you youngsters doing, scattering straw up and down this street?" said a gruff voice, and there stood a big policeman, all shining with brass buttons, and a heavy frown on his face. "You'll have to stop this nonsense at once."

"It's because Miss Edith is sick," said Roy, wiping the big drops off his red face. "Please don't talk quite so loud. The wagons rattled so, and Dr. Martin said she must be quiet. You won't make us take it off, will you?"

"No, indeed!" said the big man, kindly. "Go right ahead and I'll help."

When the policeman took a big wheelbarrow and carted several loads of grass from the lawn, the children said he could wheel as much as a dozen wagons could carry, and the task was soon complete. Dr. Martin came the next morning, and was much surprised to find the streets so quiet, until he saw the grass carpet.

"Miss Edith is much better, children," he said kindly—"so much better that I have just been telling her about my crowd of little helpers. I wish every patient I have could have such kind, helpful neighbours. Your carpet is doing more good than my medicine." And in a very short time Miss Edith was back in her place well and happy, all because of the doctor's helpers, she said, with a bright smile.

In Grade Five.

"It is too warm in the school-room," said the pretty new teacher. "Earle, will you please set the door ajar?"

Earle walked quietly to the door behind Miss Spring, while she went on explaining multiplication of fractions. He opened the door a very little, then he shook it—shook it as hard as he could shake a heavy school-room door, and not make a noise to disturb the class. Really, all he could do was to push it back and forth two or three times. Then he closed it, and walked back to his seat, rather red in the face, because he felt sure he had not jarred it much, not enough to cool the room at all.

When the lesson was finished, Miss Spring looked at the door.

"The door has closed itself," she said. "Set it ajar again, please, Earle, and a little more this time."

Very much embarrassed, because he knew how little he could shake it, Earle went forward, tried again to shake the door, gave it up as before, and went back to sit down, very limp, in his seat. Nobody laughed, to his relief, but some of the pupils did look puzzled. "Why did he not mind?" their faces seemed to ask. Suddenly Miss Spring began to smile.

"I do not believe Earle knows what it is to set a door ajar," she said kindly.

Then Mollie Prescott laughed out loud. She saw what kind of a jar Earle knew about.

Miss Spring shook her head at Mollie, and went on to say, gently:—

"Jar is a strange word, isn't it? Sometimes it means to shake, sometimes it means what the cookies are kept in, you know, and sometimes, when it has a little *a* fastened on in front, it means just this"—and she went to the door, and opened it a good wide crack.—*Gertrude L. Stone, in Sunday School Times.*

News from the Field.

CHANGES of course! Not a day passes without them. Welcomes and farewells, rejoicings and tears, mark all our lives. So in our ministerial and Church life. We begin with welcomes this month. We observe that the *Rev. R. B. Farley, B.A.*, has been welcomed to his arduous work at *Bell Street Mission*, that the *Rev. H. S. Solly, M.A.*, has been greeted at *Poole*, that the *Rev. John Evans, M.A.*, has settled down at *Rochdale*, that the *Rev. A. Golland, M.A.*, has laid hold at *Newport, Mon.*, and that the *Rev. C. E. Jewell* has been cordially greeted at *Crediton*. In addition the past month has witnessed the recognition of the *Rev. F. B. Mott* at *Cardiff;* the induction and welcome of the *Rev. J. C. Ballantyne* at the *Blackfriars Mission;* that the *Rev. T. Munn*, of the H.M. College, has been ordained at *Grey Abbey, Co. Down;* and that in some way the *Rev. J. B. Higham, B.A.*, has, in addition to his ordinary work, begun to assist the friends at *St. Helens*. All these welcomes, recognitions, and inductions have their reverse side, and tell to those who can understand, of sorrows, difficulties, and hardships experienced by others. But the warp and woof of life is ever seen the roaring loom of life.

Beyond these welcomes we learn of the appointment of the *Rev. H. Cross* to the ministry at *Carlisle*, the permanent settlement of the *Rev. R. H. Greaves* at *York*, the termination of the ministry of *Mr. Delta Evans* at *Southend-on-Sea*, and the resignation of the *Rev. A. Leslie Smith* of his charge at *Hale*.

All these facts are suggestive of thought, but, on the whole, they tell of vigorous life and healthy equipment. The obverse side must not be overlooked or forgotten by those who care at once for the individual life of ministers and the well-being of our congregations.

The close of the month of September and the early days of the month of October have witnessed the return of the pilgrims who journeyed to the West to greet our American Unitarian friends and colleagues, and to take part in the International Council of the religious Thinkers from all parts of the world. So far as we can at present learn from the messages these pilgrims bring back to us, we gather that they were received with unbounded enthusiasm by glad and earnest friends, who were full of life and activity, not marking time, but marching forward in their devotion to truth, their fidelity to the spirit of freedom, and their consecration to spiritual religion. The message is that the good work among the Unitarians is steadily advancing, and that a tendency to unity is observable everywhere on the great American Continent, and that the whole world, as represented by the representatives of the great religions, seems to be drawing together in a spirit of goodwill and affection, which prophecies of the com-

ing of an age when it shall be seen that amid all our diversities we are essentially one, grasping at the ideas of the One Living, Loving God, and the true Brotherhood of Mankind. We may look forward with earnest hope to the detailed messages which our pilgrims will bring to us on this side of the Atlantic.

To us came *Robert Collyer*. He was evidently at home in our congregations, among our people, and especially among his Yorkshire kinsmen. His fine presence, dignified by grace and a noble life work, impressed all who saw him, and his splendid messages of Hope, Trust, and undying Faith will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear them delivered. His coming has been a benediction, and his return to New York, carrying with him as he does the love of multitudes here, and the honours which the University of Leeds has conferred upon him, will help to draw closer together the two English-speaking nations that hail each other across the ocean.

Our Mission Vans have gone on their useful way winning friends everywhere to Liberal Religion, and sweeping away cobwebs and misconceptions from many anxious minds. It is impossible to gauge the work done in various parts of the country, but it is certain that the fine seed-sowing will yield, in God's time and in His way, a cheering harvest. Soon the Vans must be withdrawn from the lanes, market places, and country villages, but the brave workers will still toil on, and lay out plans for a wider sowing when winter has passed away.

We notice, with pleasure, that the *Rev. E. I. Fripp*, of *Clifton*, is publishing a monthly sermon. It can be had from him for twelve months, post free, at a cost of one shilling and sixpence, and we hope many friends will gladly avail themselves of the helpful words of this vigorous thinker.

It is pleasant to learn that a bust of Cuthbert C. Grundy has been presented to the Corporation of Blackpool, and has been gratefully received. By his fine artistic work, and his continuous generosity, Mr. Grundy has been able to set a-going in Blackpool a permanent Art Gallery, which will be of enduring service to many generations.

Our friends in *Shrewsbury* are to be congratulated on the fact that through their own sacrifices, and the kind and helpful spirit of friends in all parts of the country, and the generosity of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, they have now been able to wipe off the last remnants of their debt. They have beautified their venerable place of worship, and made it as complete as possible, and their large and wise outlay has now been paid to the uttermost farthing, so that the old congregation and its minister can go on their way rejoicing.

Manifestations of life and energy are visible in all parts of our field. The workers are all back at their tasks, and the sounds of the eager toilers are heard all over the field. No one need be disheartened, though in some places the soil may seem barren, and the promise to be uncertain, for everywhere there is earnest and devoted work, and God never allows His seed sowers and reapers to toil in vain.

Reverently and with undying Faith we commit to Him who is the God of the Living, the venerable sons and daughter of God who have passed from our sight, whose names we chronicle below: *Mr. Hughes*, of the *Isle of Wight*, aged 97; *C. Wright, J.P.*, of *Boston*, aged 94; *Mrs. C. Greenfield* of *Torquay*, aged 84; and *Thomas Ritchie*, of *Belfast*, aged 71. All these have been permitted to live long and useful lives, and their memories will be enshrined in many hearts that love them, while they themselves will have passed out of the shadows into the sunlight, where there will be joy for evermore.

SCRUTATOR.

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